RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.] ALBANY SATURDAY OCT. 29, 1842. [VOL. IV.—NO. 9.

MASONIC.

THE REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, dated

Lagrange, Tenn. Sept. 1842.

"I have heard a great deal said relative to the representative system with the Grand Lodges of the United States. I am decidedly in favor of the system. 1st, Because it promotes one of the cardinal principles of Masonry; viz: Brotherly Love. By an interchange of sentiments among the lodges, much good may be done in establishing a uniform mode of work, which at this time is indespensably necessary to correct the many inovations and corrupted practices many Lodges in the South and West. I have recently seen the necessity for this, practically illustrated as follows. A Brother presented himself to a lodge in my section of country, and endeavored to gain admittance by a regular examination. It was denied him, simply because he was not acquainted with one of the most palpable inovations that has ever been known. He was about to retire when I entered, and was requested to examine him. He proved himself to the satisfaction of all present, and was really a well informed mason. This, sir, proves the necessity for the representative system, and for the organization of a General Grand Lodge of the United States as well as the appointment of Grand Lecturers, to assemble at some central point, to adopt and establish a uniform mode of work. The last proposition, I think the best, from the fact that it will be less expensive and more sure to have the desired effect. These are questions of importance, and ought to attract the serious attention of the whole fraternity. I have merely given these few remarks, hopeing some one more able to do justice to the cause will undertake to advocate some one or all of the above stated propositions." J.

Free Masonry in Missouri.

At no period, since the settlement of our country, has Free Masonry stood on a prouder eminence in the estimation of our citizens, than at present. Not being a member of the fraternity, we have not the means of ascertaining the full extent of the operations of the institution, but we have been credibly informed that upwards of one thousand persons have joined the different lodges in the State within the year past, and public sentiment so far as we have made inquire upon the subject, is becoming daily more favorable to it. We learn that the Hon. P. H. McBride, the Grand Master of the lodges of this State, and Illinois, has recently purchased in the name of the brotherhood, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, that extensive and valuable property lying adjoining the County of Marion, known as Marion College. The object of this purchase is to establish a literary asylum for the protection and needy members of the association. Marion College was originally established by the Presbyterians, and is laid out on an extensive scale. In consequence of the internal divisions which have distracted that church, embarrassments have overtaken the College, and it has been sacrificed. The buildings are large and handsome, embracing all necessary appendages to such institutions, which cost at least sixty thousand dollars, besides there are attached to them upwards of theireen hundred acres of prime land, near nine hunpred acres of which are in active cultivation.

Should the object for which this purchase he carried into effect, as we believe it will, the amount of good which may flow from it, can only be estimated by him who weighs the mountains in balances, and considers the havens but as dust.—*Missouri Sentinel.*

For the American Masonic Register

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before Morrison Lodge, Elizabethtown Kentucky.

BY C. G. WINTERSMITH.

Concluded from page 57

Masonry is humanity. Regarding mankind inhabitants of the same planet, and of the same origin, as all of the same family,—kindred in birth,—kindred in life,—kindred in death,—and kindred in destiny. It encircles them all in the outspread arms of universal benevolence. Its object is the building up of the great cathedral of the world's happiness. Hence, it enjoins the members of the order, from the perpetration of any and every act which would injure others in their persons, property, character and reputation. Hence, it requires the exercise of social benevolence. Its purse is ever open to the hunger and nakedness of penury. Its balm is ever prescribed to the tortures of personal suffering. Its ear is ever attentive to the wail of distress. Its might is ever ready to break asunder the rod of the oppressor. It is ever swift to afford consolation to the wounded spirit. It is ever the advocate of general diffusion of the lights of science and knowledge and social and moral improvement.

Masonry is Brotherly love. Though it may teach us to embrace mankind in an expansive and disinterested sympathy, yet it reserves for the 'Brethren of the Mystic Tie' a stronger and more brilliant chain of Unity. It is a silver cord, resembling the natural, the deep, the ineffable love of children of the same parents. Nurtured from the same warm bosom,—dandled upon the same lap,—rocked in the same cradle,—charmed into soft and quiet repose by the same sweet lullaby,—associated in the same infant sports and childish pastime,—gambolling in youth over the same verdant lawns and by the same babbling brooks, and climbing the same mountains,—and rising up into life with all their hopes and pleasures and sorrows and prospects, intertwined, like bowers of Woodbine.—Imagination can scarcely conceive the unutterable depth of the mutual affection, which is engraven upon their souls. The magic meaning of the words *Brother, Sister*, can be grasped by the heart alone, in all the overflowings of its boundless love. Nor is it a love which wastes its life in a sickly and sighing sentimentality. It is felt, to be followed by action and acts, to uphold, encourage and relieve as occasion requires.

When adverse storms are beating upon its object, it flies to succor and prop the falling fortunes of that object. When disease and affliction, pillow the head in agony, it hovers like an angel of light and mercy around the gloomy couch of sickness and of death.—When danger is approaching in the shape of violence with its stern and angry brow, or of intrigue with its serpentine windings; or of villany disguised in the rich habit of the courtier, with a face all beaming with smiles and seraphic sweetness, and a soft enchanting voice, 'whose every word is a syren's note,' but with a heart intent upon ruin, the vigilance of fraternal love is awakened into intense anxiety, and its warning is heard falling upon the ear of the anticipated victim, like the angelic melody of some bright visitant of a brighter world. When the full heart gives vent to secret thoughts, or frailties are discovered, it keeps them mantled from the gaze and sacred from the greedy ears of bitter and unfeeling enmity. More than all, it wafts to heaven, upon the wings of devotion the daily petition, that the benignant smiles of the Deity may beam continually upon the objects of its affection. It comprehends too, the kindred of a brother, loves his wife as a sister, and when he is no longer a guardian and protector, watches over his widow and orphans, with a constant and affectionate solicitude.—To produce a feeling like this among the members of the order is one of the great designs of masonry. And thus it is, that the brilliant star of Fellowship shines upon the heart of every true Mason, with every point radiated and lustrous, with the warm, the cheering and the genial rays of Brotherly Love. To create this feeling, nourish it and give it full efficacy, many of our ceremonies and emblems, are designed. Their tendency is to make our convocations, the scenes of reciprocated kindness. Where heart meets heart, hand grasps hand, and face answers to face, in the pleasureable emotions of sincere friendship. The Trowel spreads the cement which unites us together in one common band. At the opening of our Lodges we are taught, that it 'is good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity,—that it is like the precious ointment upon the head of Aaron and like the dews of Hermon, that descended upon the mountains of Zion.' At the close of our Lodges we are charged 'to cultivate brotherly love, as the foundation and capstone, the cement and glory of our ancient fraternity.' Hence our assemblies become to us scenes of delightful recreation, and produce a similar feeling to that created by the sweet valley, in which the bright waters meet, so beautifully described by the polished and rich poet of Erin. 'Twas not the landscape of nature, but the society and converse of friends, which made it so dear to him; and for the same reason our Halls are dear to us, In reference

to them, as he to his valley, we may join in the glowing apostrophe:

"Sweet vale of Ovoca, how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friend I love best,
Where the storms which we feel, in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace."

Masonry is Morality. The institution claims not the high and holy prerogative of a system of redemption, which binds the shattered and broken alliance between man and his Creator. It offers no sacrifices to purchase manumission for past transgressions.—Yet, in its tenets there is a grand and sublime superiority over the religions, so called, of three fourths of the globe. So far as the Masonry of christendom is concerned, it bows in humble inferiority, to the purity, the holiness, the unspeakable majesty and power and glory of the religion of Jesus Christ. Solomon thought nothing the less of the Jewish religion, when he established Masonry, and we think nothing the less of christianity, in pursuing the ceremonies and tenets of the order at the present day. Solomon made Masonry subserrient to the erection of an house to the Lord,—a temple in which his glory might dwell, and we, if we are true Masons, will make it subservient to the erection of ourselves into Temples—so far as the power of Masonic virtues can extend, in which might dwell the pure morality or pre-eminently the *great light* of our institution. We are taught to compass our desires and passions, and square our action by the great rule of faith and practice, which God in mercy has given to the world, on our first introduction into the Lodge, we are enjoined to hold ourselves up to it as the line to the plummet. From that source we draw the doctrines of virtue we profess as from a pure and undefiled fountain.

The working tools of the craft are no unmeanin things. The guage, the gavel, the plumb, the square and the level convey to the Mason's mind, sentiments of deep and pure morality. By them we are reminded that we should so measure and divide our time and employments, 'that we may apply ourselves to wisdom, divesting our hearts and conciences of all the vices and superfluities of life,' walking uprightly and acting honestly, candidly and virtuously as we pass along upon the surface of time, to a future existence, which to enjoy in happiness and peace, our robes should be washed in purity and innocence.

Our other emblems impress upon us noble sentiments. The bee-hive teaches us, industry,—the problem of Pythagoras, perseverance; the pot of incence, purity; the anchor, a steadfast hope; the returning dove, peace and the joy of good and cheering intelligence; the sword pointing to the naked heart, justice and the certainty of its coming; the mosaic pavement, the variegated scenes of life, chequered of good and evil, and the tessalated border which surrounds it, the blessings of Providence; the hour-glass, the wasting sands of life; and the scythe, the cutting asunder of the cords of sublenary existence, that certain doom which awaits all the living, and all combined, point us to the great moral of man, from the eagerness of youth, through the vigor, the prowess, the strength and ability of manhood, to the quiet and gradual sinking down into old age and the grave.

Truth, we are taught to revere as a divine attribute, the foundation of every virtue, and that it should, at all times, distinguish us; avoiding all the evils of falsehood. The cardinal virtues occupy in our code an eminent position. Temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice are enforced upon us, and every departure from the obligations and the practice of any of the duties required by them but adds to our difficulties, in creating for ourselves the smooth and quiet and consoling and exquisite enjoyment of national and virtuous life. The danger of erratic wanderings from those ponts, is far from slight, the variation of a single degree of the compass, but widens the distance from the true line, and we may steer on through the voyage of life, without regaining it. To fail in virtue is to mingle with vice. There is a point on the Rocky Mountains, where three bright drops of rain, or flakes of snow, from the same cloud, falling asunder but a few feet, part forever,—one seeks its way over lake and stream and foaming cataract to the frozen and stormy regions of the north, another rushes on in impetuous current to the boiling surges of the Equator, while the third, in soft and gentle motion, glides purely along, and fanned by sweet zephyrs, disembogues into the pacific, and ever fresh delights of eternal spring. Such is the line, which divides the beginnings of vice and virtue.

The very form of a lodge is a striking representation of the boundless ranges of moral contemplation. The design pictures the whole earth in all its length and breadth and the canopy which hangs over it. All the objects of nature, whether small or large, separately and as a whole, in their parts and proportions, their mutual dependencies, and physical and moral adaptation to the great purposes of their creation, afford deep and instructive lessons of that order, regularity and harmony, which constitute the very essence of ethical philosophy. In this respect the mite and the huge whale of the deep sea; the swallow 'twittering in its straw built shed' and the eagle soaring amid the clouds; the hillock and the mountain; the blade of grass, or the beautiful but humble flower and the broad forest; the bright pebble and the rivulet dancing over it, and the hoary cliff, resounding the roar of old ocean, in its wrath dashing his swelling billows against its rugged front, and all their intermediates alike, challenge our consideration. All of them, when seen, create an emotion correspondent to their character. From some, on account of their hideousness of appearance, fit emblems of vice, we turn away with abhorrence and disgust. Others, and mostly such come under our daily notice, are richly laden with sweet reflections. Aye

"'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark,
Bay deep mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark,
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the 'ark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children and their earliest words."

But when we look forth upon the earth in its magnificence and the far searching vision is lost in the indistinct infinity beyond its power. The mind takes up the immensity of the prospect. The whole soul rises with the vastness of the scene, and 'delighted, rapt, inspired,' becomes a part of that immensity, until it is lost in the wild careerings of its own imaginings. The soul and the scene seem to partake of the same glorious nature.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

'To mingle with the universe!!' What magic is in that thought!—how it fills up the heart, and sublimes its loftiest emotions! The refreshing breezes softly fan the feverish brow, and anon the roaring tempest comes hurrying along and stupifies the faculties with the dread fulness of its power. And then amidst the darkness comes forth upon the vast concave of night, a numberless host of shining orbs, hanging out upon its dome, and shedding their lustre throughout the temple of the universe. And whenever we roam, in America and in Japan—in Lapland and in Patagonia, still the same celestial scenery appears encompassing the world. 'How sublime and elevating the spectacle even to the untutored observer.' But when science lengthens and enlarges our vision, and those glittering orbs magnify into worlds, and others far out on the verge of creation, rise up to view, moving on in solemn silence all,—obedient to the laws of their organization, in the most perfect harmony and regularity, how are we elevated with wonder, and awe and reverence and glowing and thrilling contemplations of the vastness of the immensity and the power which controls marshalled host of that universe. Yet our earth they are globes of matter, and when we contemplate them, amid the fancies of imagination, in her wildest flights, the soul shrinks back upon itself. And, it asks itself, what am I?—wherefore this restless, stirring spirit, this longing for other scenes, and this overwhelming desire of continued existence? Surely there is something whispers me 'I shall never die.' When the cord of this life is broken, and 'the places that know me no more forever,' which of those bright worlds will be my home—and where my destiny? Shall I roam the immeasurable fields of space, and visit these far off provinces of creation? Is there any chain which binds me to the grand architect who built this magnificent temple? Unable to answer its own inquiries or fathom its destiny, the mind exhausted and forlorn gropes in utter darkness—a deep and impenetrable mystery veils the dread unknown future. But lo!—a dim twilight throws its faint colorings upon the horizon, heralding the approach of the Sun of revelation as it bursts forth, dispelling the gross darkness, and revealing the eternal city—the dwelling place of God. 'And its walls are of jasper and its foundations, garnished with all manner of precious stones, and its gates, of pearl and its streets and mansions of pure gold, and through it flows the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal and on its margin grows the tree of life, bearing immortal fruit, and the light of it is the presence of God himself, resplendent in goodness and in glory.' And the inhabitants of that city are angels and 'the spirits of the just made perfect.' In it, is no pain, no sorrow, and nothing which defieth or worketh abomination, but all is peace and holiness and purity and endless happiness. And Oh! what happiness,—it is the concentrated quintessence of all felicity.

"Go wing thy flight from star to star
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall,
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres—
And multiply each thought endless years,

Brethren, dear brethren of the mystic tie, does Masonry enjoin the social and moral duties and does it teach the lessons, I have described?—You will answer, yes it does. Do we practice them?—Does glowing love of freedom and her home kindle our hearts with ardent patriotism?—Do we ever listen to the moan of distress and are we attentive and obedient to its call?—Do we ever watch over the fortunes, the frailties, and the reputation of each other and their

families, with the lively solicitude of fraternal affection?---Do we endeavor to compass our desires within the bounds of philosophical moderation?---Do we square our actions by the rule of virtue, and ever act honestly and openly and candidly with all men? Do we pursue our avocations industriously, perseveringly and peacefully?---Does truth always adorn our conversation and intercourse with our neighbors? Do we bear the ills and the prosperity of life with prudence and fortitude?---Do we live temperately and soberly and eschew gluttony and push the liquid poison of intoxication from our lips as an unclean thing?—Do we feel the inspiring devotion to a Supreme being, which all things in nature are so eminently calculated to create and foster?—Do we realize that the all seeing Eye of immaculate purity is ever upon us?—Do we view our present existence, as fleeting and transitory and endeavor to fasten our hopes to the anchor of safety?—If we do, *it is well*, but if not, let me charge you and myself, to take heed to the work of reformation. Let us put our trust in the arm and mercy of the Most High and the atonement of his Son. Let us be diligent to acquire that pure and living faith, which like the invisible chain of attraction uniting the material universe, unites the spiritual universe to the throne of Deity. Let us add to that "faith, virtue and to virtue, knowledge and to knowledge, temperance and to temperance, patience and to patience, godliness, charity, finally, brethren whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, let us think on these things."

It is highly probable, nay almost certain, that all of us will never meet again upon another festal day of our venerable and ancient institution. Some of us will have gone to try our fortunes in other lands, but wherever we go we will meet the great confederacy of Freemasonry, and meet with brethren & honorable & devoted friends. Some of us, will perhaps pass that bourn from whence no traveller returns ---if so, "may we die the death of the righteous, and our last end be like his." And now in parting let us each resolve to be better man and to cultivate those high and pure feelings of friendship and brotherly love and morality, which are the grand characteristics of our fraternity, and let us each be able to say in sincerity and in truth---to one another.

"Brother, Farewell! that name to gain; I join'd with thee and thine
In that Fraternal Fellowship, by virtue made divine,
And if in other realms we meet, where kindred spirits shine,
I hope to feel thy friendly *grip*, as thou shalt surely mine."

The Prospect.

Perhaps at no time since the introduction of Freemasonry into this country has it given such promise of abundant fruit as at the present. From every part of our widely extended borders, we hear of continued additions to the supporters of the Ancient Order. Peace and harmony prevail among our Lodges, and a spirit of laudable emulation is exciting to greater deeds of charity and more extended benevolence. The times of persecution have passed, and although in many places the blighting effects of an undefinable prejudice has been sensibly felt, yet the Institution has safely passed through the ordeal, and is, in a still greater degree, gaining the countenance and support of the enlightened and respectable portions of community.—The future affords a prospect truly delightful, and zealous Masons can not but rejoice at the wide field opened for the active exercise of those principles of Charity and Brotherly Love which are taught with peculiar force in the mystic Temple of Masonry. There is no unmeaning and lifeless ceremony there. Not a scene transpires, that is not full of interest and instruction, and if practically carried out in active life, will, in a great measure, tend to remove from the mind those asperities which are so frequently engendered by opposing interests and opinions.

Bigotry and ignorance may, for a time, obscure the resplendent beauties of the Institution, but whenever its principles are fully understood and practised upon, just so soon will the clouds of prejudice and superstition: like the morning dew before the rising sun, be dissipated into airy nothing.—*Columbia Mirror.*

VARIETY.

Anecdote of LaFayette and Gen. Wayne.

An anecdote of the Revolution has recently been related to me, which I think may prove interesting to your readers, both as connected with that era in our history, and as conferring honor on a worthy son of the Dominion, now no more. Its interest is enhanced from the beautiful illustrations, which it gives in the case of Gen. LaFayette, of that circumstance so often noticed and dwelt upon by metaphysical speculators—the peculiarly permanent impression which *trivial* circumstances, occurring in youth, make upon the mind.

It was in the summer of 1781, when Cornwallis was invading Virginia, and in pursuit of the Marquis de LaFayette, (in which memorable retreat LaFayette was so eminently successful,) attempting to prevent him from communicating with Gen. Anthony Wayne of the Pennsylvania line, and reaching his stores indispensable—and in order to obtain them he thought it extremely probable that he should have to hazard a battle. Such was the disparity of force that it would have been the height of rashness to do so without a reinforcement—and this reinforcement was expected in the forces under the command of General Wayne.

For the purpose of effecting the proposed junction, he determined to send despatches to Wayne, disclosing his plan of operations, and ordering him to do all in his power to unite his detachment to the main body of the army. He selected as the bearer to these despatches, a young aidde camp by name Richard Anderson, a native of Virginia. He gave Anderson the following additional instructions to remain with Gen. Wayne's detachment, and to send a courier every hour informing him of Wayne's progress and locality.

Ensign Anderson immediately mounted his horse and rode to Wayne's camp. On his arrival he was conducted into the presence of 'Mad Anthony,' (as Gen. Wayne was called) to whom he delivered his despatches. Having likewise communicated his instructions to the Gen. he demanded a courier, and asked Wayne what he should write:—'Tell him I will come,' was the laconic reply. With this answer the courier was despatched. The tents were immediately struck and the army was soon on its march.—After the lapse of an hour, another courier was demander and obtained—'What shall I write General, asked Anderson. 'Tell him I will come,' was the second reply, and the second courier was sent off.—The third courier was brought forward at the commencement of the third hour—'What shall I say to Marquis?' asked A. 'Tell him I'll bed—d if I don't come,' was the enthusiastic response of 'Mad Anthony,' with which the third courier was despatched.

Wayne effected a junction with the Marquis--they marched round Cornwallis during the night, and obtained possesson of the stores. Lord Cornwallis, without hazarding a battle, commenced a retreat to the lower country; the conclusion of which was, his taking refuge in York Town, whither La Fayette followed him. The subsequent fate of Cornwallis is well known.

Years had flown, when La Fayette on his last visit to this country, met Col. Anderson on the wharf at Louisville, Kentucky, Col. Anderson, as his title indicated, had received promotion; and subsequent to the war, had emigrated to Kentucky. He was one of the committee appointed by the citizens of Louisville to welcome his beloved commander to their city. La Fayette instantly recognized him. They exchanged greetings not unaccompanied by tears on the part of both. Col. Anderson escorted him to a hack which they entered. After riding a short distance, the Marquis looked at Col. Anderson, and said—'Tell him I'll come.' After a few moments he turned to him again and said—'Tell him I'll come.' Soon after, he said in a louder and more emphatic tone—'Tell him I'll be d—d if I don't come.'

This singular correspondence, no doubt associated with what he considered the brightest portion of his life, had retained a place in his memory even through the toils and cares, the pains and sufferings of that period of his life which intervened between his return to France, and his subsequent visit to America. This period included those disastrious times of the French Revolution in which he took part; his confinement in the dungeon of Olmutz and his liberation through the instrumentality of Washington and Napoleon.

A gentleman at Red Hook, on the Hudson River, has this season sold twenty-four hundred barrels of apples, all of his own raising, for $3600.

Elopement.—A widower named Seely, residing in Stark County, Illinois, has just run away with the wife of a tenant he boarded with. They took one child each, and left three or four behind them. Seely is a man or property, having two farms, &c., and lost his wife but a year ago. They ran off in the night, leaving *nine* of their children asleep in the house from which they absconded!

Judicial Compliment.—Judge Marshall, of England, in sentencing a man for stealing patterns of printed goods said, in conclusion, "You meant as you you state, to take them to America; in my opinion the most rascally nation in the world, *for they don't pay my dividends!*"

Henry Willis a foreign vagabond, who has been loafing and robbing in and about N. Orleans for the last four or five years, was on the 12th instant, arrested while attempting to pass a forged check on the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank for $2,039.—The check purported to be drawn by Messrs. Hepburn &. Turpin, exchange brokers.

POPULAR TALES

From Chambers Journal.

A QUEER CASE FOR THE LAW.

In 1838, M. le Baron de Corman, an oppulent German noble, inhabited the chateau of his ancestors, situated in the environs of Weima. An excellent sportsman, and a redoubted smoker, the baron was at the same time one of the ugliest mortals Germany ever produced. Notwithstanding this circumstance, he was an admirer of beauty in others and conceived a lively passion for Mademoiselle de Reichberg, daughter of a neighbouring castellane, whose antique domicile constituted nearly his whole property. A formal demand of the lady's hand was made by the baron, and the father, delighted with the prospect of such a match, hastened o give the suitor an assurance of his assent and best wishes. It was not so, however, with the young lady, who, herself endowed with extraordinary charms, could not endure the looks of the baron, and had, besides, long ago given away her heart to one of her cousins, a handsome cavalier, in contrast with whom the baron made a very sorry figure. On this account the assiduties of the latter, and the commands of the father, produced no effect. Mademoiselle de Reischberg conclusively declared that she would never give her hand to any man so thoroughly ugly as the Baron de Cormann.

One evening she was tempted, by, new intreaties on the part of the suitor, to repeat the preceeding declaration even more energetically than before. The downcast baron afterwards wended his way home.—He sat down by his blazing fire, called for a pipe and ale; and, betwixt the curling whiffs from his only source of consolation, he exclaimed passionately—'I would give myself to the Old One himself to be as good-looking as that confounded cousin!' In his energy the baron—who, it will soon be pretty evident, was something of a simpleton—spoke aloud: indeed, he almost roared out the words. After the ejaculation, he smoked on vigorously, every blast-like puff giving indication of the storm within. How long he sat absorbed in this occupation, it is impossible for us to say; but certain it is, that when he laid down the pipe, and the fumes around slowly floated away, he saw before him, to his great surprise, an odd looking personage, but black all over, in countenance and clothes. 'You have been heard,' said the personage; 'sign this paper, and by to-morrow morning you shall be beautiful in the eyes of all the world, though unchanged in your own.'

Stupified—almost out of his senses—M. de Cormann sat staring without motion. "Sign!" repeated the figure; 'I am never invoked in vain, and you shall find my words to hold good!" The thought of Mademoiselle de Reischberg crossed the baron's brain. Great was the temptation. He took the pen, and again hesitated, being in a state of unspeakable confusion of mind. Then, as if determined not to trust himself with reflection, he hurriedly signed the paper. The stranger lifted it, bowed, and disappeared.

After this proceeding, which had taken place so rapidly that the baron had had scarcely time for connected thought, he sat in silent dreamy stupor through several long hours. With strange feelings he retired to bed, half afraid of the past, and half eager for the dawn, that he might prove the reality of the promised metamorphosis. Morning broke, and the baron arose. He dressed himself, and perceived no change in his appearance; but he had no sooner descended the stair case than the reality of a change was made manifest. Two servants stood in waiting, and the instant that they cast eyes on their master, they started back in great surprise. "Gracious powers! how much my lord is improved in his looks! what a noble figure! how beautiful a countenance!" The baron's heart beat thick with exultation. He went out for further proof, bending his course to the mansion of M. de Reischberg, which was close to his own. Two men met him, and they, also started to behold him. "How noble is my lord's figure!" cried one. "What a charming countenance!" cried the other; "he is much altered!"

These and such like ejaculations confirmed the baron in his impression of the reality of the metamorphosis; and he proceeded, without delay, to the house of M. de Reischberg. Here the crowning stroke was given to his triumph. Mademoiselle de Reischberg appeared equally surprised and enchanted with his form and looks. She seemingly could not conceal or restrain her admiration, and the handsome cousin appeared to be driven out of her thoughts at once by the new and irresistible charms of his rival. Striking while the iron was hot, the baron intreated her to reward his long devotion by consenting to be his. The lady hesitated—the cousin seemed to pass, for a last time, across her thoughts; but the baron pressed his request, and the lady gave her consent.

In passing homewards on that happy day, the baron received additional though superfluous proofs of the change in his looks, from the remarks of various persons who came in his way. When before his own fire a pipe and ale were again called for to heighten the delightful cast of the baron's ruminations. Long he smoked, gazing on the blaze; but at length he laid down the pipe. Then did he first become sensible of a startling fact. His sable visiter of the preceding evening was again before him. "If you fulfil the intention you now entertain of leading Mademoiselle de Reischberg to the altar," said the stranger solemnly, "*you will die on its steps.*" As he spoke he disappeared.

The Baron de Cormann lay for a long time in a swoon after this fearful announcement. When he regained his senses, and could reflect on what had passed, great was his vexation, and greater his terror. He could not conceal from himself the fact, that since his visiter had been able to fulfil one promise so effectually, the same being could not fail to fulfil with equal certainty the menace just made, or at least to foresee the future. He saw that the fiend, if fiend it were, had "paltered with him in a double sence," but the evil was irremediable. Preferring life to every other consideration, the baron, ere long, took a decisive resolution. He wrote to the Reischbergs, announcing his altered resolutions respecting marriage; and in short, declining the honor of the young lady's hand. On the following morning he jumped into his carriage, and drove off for Paris, after leaving precise orders with an agent to sell his chateau and property at Weima without delay.

It was at the end of 1838 that the Baron de Cormann reached Paris, where he took a handsome hotel in the Rue Dominique. A month or two after his settlement there, he was presented with an acceptance of his own for 120,000 francs, purporting to have been granted by him while in Germany, and a demand was made upon him for payment of the same. The holder of the acceptance, and the requester of payment, was the already mentioned handsome cousin of Mademoselle de Reischberg, now become her husband.

The baron was struck dumb by this demand. Never, in the course of his life, was he aware of having signed any such obligation either to the nominal holder of the one before him, or to any person else.—Yet he could not deny that the handwriting of the presented bill was his own; it was certainly his signature Nevertheless, in the conscionsness that he really owed no such debt, he refused payment. Immediately afterwards, he went to consult an accute liegal friend. After relating the circumstance to that gentleman, and repeating his confident assurance that he never signed, to his knowledge, the obligation in question, though unquestionably his signature was there, the lawyer asked if he never, while in Germany signed any paper without knowing its contents? The baron thought for an instant, and blushed for his folly. The remembrance of his strange visitant came across his mind with all the attendant circumstances. He compelled himself to tell his legal friend the whole affair.

The acute lawyer saw through the mystery at once. The baron had been ugly at Weima he was ugly at Paris and he had never been aught but ugly anywhere. The handsome cousin had so suborned his domestics as to acquire a knowledge of every movement, even of every word of the baron, in his own establishment; and being near the spot, perhaps in the house, on the evening of the baron's rash ejaculation respecting a change of personal appearance, he had taken advantage of the circumstanee, when it was reported to him victimise de Cormann in a double and truly diabolical way. By the connivance of the treacherous servants, and one or two other persons Mademoiselle de Reischberg included, the poor baron had been thoroughly imposed upon, and, in some respects, he was not undeserving of it, seeing that he credulously consented to attempt success in his suit by such means as those described. The conspirator of a cousin, it is probable, imagined th t the baron would pay the sum rather than incur the ridicule of a full disc osure.

The affair, says our French authority, came to a trial, and a celebrated Parisian advocate was engaged for the baron, the note for 120.000 francs being lodged, in the interval, in the safe hands of Messrs Rothschild. We regret that we have heard nothing of the issue of the case, and can only hope that the law prevented the poor and credulous baron from being ultimately tricked out of his money by the unscrupulous young lady and her cousin. The moral seems to be—never sign any document of whose purport you are not fully acquainted.

Seaking of politics—one old lady of our acquaintance said, she liked the idea of having a *Home* leaugue so much, she hoped her husband would join it,' for the lord knows, said she, 'he has not been at *home* three nights in a week for nine years.'

Non-Committal.—An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors by the name of Jones, and with a very knowing look replied, 'Why, I don't like to say any thing about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know—but, after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be.'

MISCELLANY.

Locked-Jaw.

Dr. Fontaine of Diana Mills, (Virginia,) has made a communication to the Richmond Enquirer on Tetanus or Locked Jaw, which we deem highly interesting; and have therefore, transferred a portion of it to our columns.

He says that in thirty years practice he has had three cases of Locked Jaw, which, after doing every thing in the power of man, proved fatal—when his son from a wound in his foot, manifested the incipient symptoms of tetanus.

I applied, immediately, an application of laudnum and sugar to the wound. I then dropped 25 drops of laudanum, half of which I gave him. He went to bed I laid down in a bed by him; he continued to cry in an apparently suppressed tone, and complained heavily. I asked him if his foot and leg jerked? he said yes. It was almost continued for half an hour. He solicited to come to bed to me, which he did: he laid by me, and my heart trembled. I placed my hands on his thigh and knee, and occasionally his leg. The tendo-Achilis was drawn so as to straighten, or nearly straighten the foot—The flexor tendons on the back of the knee were very riged, and when convulsed *extremely* rigid. The convulsive motion extended to the insertion of the muscles on the hip above the thigh The left leg, its tendons and vessels partook of the same phenomena, only in a less degree. It appeared rapidly to progress in violence, I gave him the ballance of the 20 drops of laudanum. He complained exceedingly, he had a stiffness in the back of his neck —and I expected in two or three hours his whole system would sympathise—and the usual symptoms of opisthetonis or convulsions, throwing the system backwards on the head and heels would take place. Fortunately at this point—and no doubt under the suggestions of the Divine goodness—*Friction* by the hand struck my mind as a counteraction to the nervous irritation. The laudenum appeared to make him drowsy, and he fell partially asleep. As the friction progressed, he grew easy, the convulsions began to cease, as also the ridgidity of the tendon Achilles and the ham-strings. After awhile he awoke—and he says, 'Papa, I feel much better.—He says, again 'Papa, rub me—you can't think how it relieves me,' 'Does it my son?' 'Yes, indeed, he replies, it does me more good, he says, than any thing you do, or can do. It relieves me.' I continued the friction with my naked hand, for some fifteen or twenty minutes—the disease again gave way, sensibly. 'I am still better,' says he. The same result followed the application of the friction—which was used, and ultimately suspended—till between eleven and twelve o'clock that night, they became completely suspended—he fell asleep, and continued sleeping till the next morning at day break; he was then awakened by a return of the disease. Friction alone was applied, several times, in the course of 3 hours—and in that time, the disease made *many violent attempts to return, and was as easily subdued*, by friction. Comment. The laudanum might have aided in suppressing the disease as no doubt it did—but it was wholly inadequate; as can be attested by myself in the 3 cases above named For, opium and laudanum was used in the two first cases by the direction of medical authority in large quantities, in the 3 cases also, and the use of tobacco injections, recomended by the physicians of the French Army in Spain; but without effect. No good ensued All medical authorities; after trying opium, laudanum and other remedies without avail; use language to the amount of the distinguished Doctor Thomas of the West India Islands: who left Britain and practised many years where the locked jaw, or tetanus is more frequent, than in cold climates. Doctor Thomas, on the Mortality of the genuine tetanus or Locked Jaw, makes use of the following language, viz: 'When tetanic affections arise; in consequence of a wound or puncture, or a laceration, the are almost sure to prove fatal, as I never but once met with a recovery, under such circumstances, during a very extensive practice and long residence in the West Indies.' Doctor Rush cosiders it equally fatal; so does Doctor Chapman; to whom I have the honor of addressing this letter. The next morning I dressed the wound with a flaxseed and milk poultice, between nine and ten o'clock on the next day. As often as the spasms succeeded, they were met with friction. and as often abated. At length, they dwindled down into nothing, and disappeared, entirely. Will you, sir, be so kind as to account for its action. I presume myself that the salutary action of the friction is produced by the lessening of *excitability—nervous excitability*. Its *modus operandi*, I presume, is that; or is the effect of the late discovered doctrine of Animal Magnetism?

Note by the Editor. "Townshend says, it, (mesmerism,) is the only power available to counteract the hydrophobia."

Beautiful Thought.

'Round the idea of one's mother the mind of a man clings with a fond affection. It is the first deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love, we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like flowers beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues which we doubt not that she possessed.'

Discovery of Important Historical Records.

In the third report of the deputy keeper of the public records of Great Brittain, Sir F. Palgrave gives intimation of the discovery of the legal records of the trial of Queen Anna Bullen, documents which were supposed to have been destroyed, but which have recently been discovered among the records of the Court of Queen's Bench, and whose absence materially impeded the narrative of the historian of the eventful reign of Henry VIII. The list of these records are highly interesting to the literary world.—*Nat, Int.*

From the Baltimore Farmer.

Orchard Work for October.

As your fruit may be ready, gather it carefully, by hand-picking. Be careful also, to do this in dry weather. After gathering, put it away in some dry, clean appartment; lay them in heaps about two weeks, and gone through the process of sweating or transpiration have them wiped dry with a clean cloth, and then put them away

Your fruit having been gathered, examine your trees, and wherever you find one with rough, dead-like looking bark, or covered with moss, scrape either off, and paint the trunk or limbs of the tree, when thus cleansed, with a mixture of soft soap and sulpher or fresh cow dung reduced to the consistence of paint with urine. You may, if you please, prune now, or leave that till the opening of spring. Should you cut off any large sized dead limbs, saw them off evenly, make a smooth surface with a drawing knife, of the wound, and cover it with a mixture of equal parts of clay, fresh cow dung and lime, to be made into the consistence of mortar, and nicely adjusted over the wound with a linen or cotton covering; small wounds may be simply covered with the mixture.

If you design planting out an orchard this fall, it is full time that you had the ground prepared by thorough and deep ploughings. Subsoil ploughing would be best; the ground should also be manured with compost, in which lime, ashes, or marl should form an important ingredient. The idea of planting out an orchard on an old worn out field, is just as mistaken, as leaving the trees when planted, without after culture. Fruit trees require cultivation as well as any of the grain crops. The time for planting, is when the leaves fall.

Colt's Submarine Battery.

As there are a great many conflicting opinions respecting the originality and merits of Colt's submarine battery, we have taken considerable pains to ascertain from private conversation with Mr. Colt—and will now state for the information of the public—what are his claims for his sub-marine battery.

He claims, then, to be able to destroy any vessel within sight of his own position, even at the distance of forty miles, wherever she may be, and whatever may be her size. That he can destroy any number of ships in the most rapid succession, or all at once, even be they combined fleets of all Europe, provided they be any where within the above stated purview. That he can pick out one vessel, and leave another; destroy this and save that, at pleasure; if he can see the difference between them, he can produce the difference in his results. That he can destroy the largest class ships of war with ease and safety to himself, when in motion passing in or out of harbor, without the necessity of approach within reach of shot from the largest guns of the largest calibre. He intimates therefore, that the idea of raking a channel—of powder being deposited under the vessel—of wires to be torn up, &c., &c., are all chimeras of other people.—The moment the vessel is within sight, he claims her as his own, to save or to destroy.

We have thus fairly and correctly stated Mr. Colt's claims; of the validity or futility the public can judge as well as we.—*N. Y. Herald.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, October 29 1842.

☞ Subscribers often write to us, that the are unable to send current money in payment for their subscriptions. To remove this objection we give notice that notes on the solvent banks of the neighborhood will at all times be received at PAR if sent through the post master, who is so authorised b law

☞ NOTICE.—Mr. James Johnson, is on a general collecting tour, through the western part of this State, and will call on many of our Subscribers, who will oblige us by handing their indebtedness to him.

REMOVAL.—The office of the American Masonic Register, has been removed to No. 2 Green two, doors from State St.

"SOME THINGS CAN BE DONE AS WE'L AS OTHERS."—Well, the secret is out, and our Nuncle of the Tribune, is a real vacmint, and no mistake. Why, it turns out that this wicked wag, has been married 20 years or more, and has some dozen responsibilities, ranging from 15 inches, to 5 foot 6. We have had it put in to us a feet, but we can just as soon laugh at a good joke, against us, as any other way, particularly when we cast a sheep's eye at our dolorious looking fellow sufferers. We mean, however, to console ourselves with two reflections,—1st, that we always thought it strange that a fusty old batchellor, should be so conversant with *domestic matters*, and 2nd, It 4 be k, again, Nuncle.

CLIPPINGS.

As a gentleman passing down Front street, N. Y. on Saturday afternoon, a smoke was seen to issue from his coat tail, and upon examination is was found that a box of loco foco matches in his pocket had by some means or other ignited, and set on fire, a white handkerchief, and burnt his coat tailso much as to spoil the coat.

GEN JACKSON INJURED.—We regret to learn from the Nashville Whig, that Gen. Jackson received a painful injury in the forehead, on Thursday, 13th inst., by the upsetting of Major Donelson's carriage, near the hermitage, in which he was riding out to visit a sick neighbor. The accident was occasioned by the restleness of the horses which the driver was unable to control.

It is now said, in a St. Louis paper, that Joe Smith is in custody at Carthage, and that he is to be brought before Judge Douglas, who is now holding a court there, on a writ of habeas corpus, for the purpose of trying the validity of the Governor's writ of arrest.

A large parts of Texans was collecting, a short time since, at the mouth of the False Washita, with a view to cut off the Santa Fe traders. The plan has been abandoned by orders from President Houston, who is said to have authorized, if not originated the expedition.

Died, in Spartanburg District, South Carolina, on the 25th December, 1841, Mrs Nancy Sprouse, in the 109th year of her age. Her husband, Mr Vinson Sprouse, died a few years since, aged 107 years.—They lived together upwards of 70 years.

The beautiful residence of Mrs. Fulton, at Mount Airy, near Richmond, was wholly destroyed by fire on Wednesday last. Loss $7.000.

Some daring scoundrels entered the house of a negro man, named Elijah Morris, near Golconda, Illinois, on the 1st of October, and after robbing him of about $600 in gold and silver, carried off four of his children, two girls and two boys, between the ages of five and eleven years.

George Harrington, will known to the police of the west for his *eccentricities*, has been sentenced to ten years'imprisonment in the Missouri penitentiary, for "showing the bear"—i. e. enticing a man into the woods to see Bruin, and then robbing him.

Midshipmen Rhind, of New York and Knap, of the Naval Asylum, Philadelphia, were the parties in the duel near Burlington last Saturday. After five unsuccessful shots, Knapp was shot through the cheek, the ball lodging in his mouth. It will not do him any great injury.

A correspondent of the Evening Tattler, writing from Coatesville, Chester county, Pa., under date of Wednesday last, details a long and infamous scheme, by means of which a celebrated gentleman of that place succeeded in ruining *his niece*, a beautiful young girl, who had been placed under his protection. The whole village is said to be in a state of great excitement in consequence. The details are to gross for publication.

LATER FROM TEXAS.—The schooner Henry, Capt Grimes, arrived at New Orleans, on the 14th inst., from Labacca Bay, Texas. Capt. Grimes reports, verbally, that Gen. Burleson, with 1100 troops, had pursued the Mexicans under General Wall from San Antonio. The enemy were fortifying themselves at the river Medina; Burleson but awaited a reinforcement to attack them there.

Capt. Caldwell, of the Santa Fe Expedition, had a brush with Wall and his troops within 20 miles of San Antonio, east of the river Sewilla The Mexicans surrounded Caldwell and his party, which numbered about 100. He and his party fought their way through them; killing, it is reported, 100 Mexicans, wounded 100 more, and lost not a man themselves.—This smacks a little too much of the Texian Longbow.

A company of 50 men from Lagrange, in attempting to reinforce Capt Caldwell's company, were cut off by the Mexicans, and 40 of them killed, 7 prisoners, and 3 escaped.

It was currently reported that Austin had been burned by the Mexicans, though it is very doubtful such be the fact.

COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER, Monday, Oct. 24.—Before Judge Kent and Alderman Underwood and Martin.

SENTENCE OF MONROE EDWARDS.

The Court-room was crowded to hear sentence passed on this celebrated individual. The following is a sketch of the proceedings:

Clerk—Monroe Edwards what have you now to say why sentence should not be pronounced against you?

Mr. Everets—I have, as his counsel, one request to make—he is the only male member of his family of mature age, and requests that time may be given to him to arrange his affairs previous to sentence.—There are also other things which he has suggested, and which, if permitted he will state himself.

The prisoner then rose.

Edwards—If it please the court—I do not know that I make any unusual request in saying a few words—such has been accorded to others. [The prisoner was much agitated, and spoke with a trembling voice he remarked, after a slight pause, "perhaps I may break down sir."

Judge Kent—Would you like to come closer.

Prisoner—No sir, I can proceed. For some years past I have been engaged in transactions which no one knew of but myself. In justice to myself I would ask that I may have two or three weeks in which to place my business in order that those who succeed me may close my affairs. If your honors will decide upon this, I have some other remarks to make.

Judge Kent, [after consultation.] You must feel that the Court cannot accede to the request.

Prisoner.—Very good, sir—My position if it please the Court, is the most agonising one conceivable. I have been hunted to the death, persecuted with a malignity unparalleled in the history of man, but unequal as has been the contest, and sanguinary as will be the end, yet all will not prevent me from preserving the dignity of a man. Like an old oak that has stood the blast of an hundred years, I gather new energies from the opposition that calls them forth. I was forced into the last trial unprepared—had no means to compel the attendance of witnesses, and two important ones were prevented from being here by ill health I therefore consider that the benefits of the constitution, which secure a fair trial, has been denied to me. During the last trial, some of my most trivial actions, some that would have been considered virtuous in other men, have been tortured into acts of crime.—The press, too that mighty engine, has lent its aid to crush me by every species of misrepresentation. From Maine to Louisiana they have presented in regard to me one of the most diabolical pictures, and the dominions even of his Satanic majesty have been ransacked to show this monster in human shape to be every thing bad and terrible. I have had money, and power, and prejudice arraved against me, and it would be strange indeed, if under all this, a man who is seperated from his friends, from his home, from every thing which could aid or support him, should not be overwhelmed. The result of the last trial did not surprise me. One of my prosecutors said he was determined I should be convicted, and that he would expend $100.000 if it was necessary, for that purpose. I am to be offered up a sacrifice on the altar of avarice with a view to satisfy the designs of a set of brokers, and consequently have been set upon by a set of brokers' boys, whose trade it is to swindle; who are generally dishonest, and whose profession is regarded in this light. Some of these I perceive are now present and I can read in their looks the savage joy that possesses them in observing the position in which I am placed. They have manacled my limbs, persecuted me to the uttermost, and they rejoice in the idea that I am to be consigned to a living tomb—but their triumph will be brief—they can dispose of my body: but the soul, that immortal part, they cannot reach nor control.

In relation to my case, your honors appear to me to be in haste to consign me to a living tomb, in which the man who once crosses the threshhold is doomed to perpetual disgrace—to hear the damps and dews of its walls, to suffer the loss of every happy privilege, and where almost hope itself dead. This is the doom to which I am to be consigned by a conspiracy of the

darkest kind; but who so powerful to escape the demon barb of malice, or by representations of innocence escape its venom. Through its influence even your honor might be hurled from the high place you occupy-- by the misrepresentations of the basest wretch your best motives might be assailed, and a wound given which could not be remedied. Think not because I am threatened that I shall for one moment degrade myself by asking suppliant favors. I am well aware what the law imposes. I wish, however, it compelled you to consign me at once to total annihilation. I am made the victim in this charge, yet I am innocent---innocent as the Savior of the world, or as the child unborn. Still, I ask no favor. I would disdain to ask mitigation as to my fate---that man has yet to be born before whom I would bend a suppliant knee. I recognize but one judgment seat, that of the Eternal, to which you and I are equally amenable, and where, only, I expect to have an impartial hearing.

As to my sentence, I care not if it is an hour or a thousand years. When I enter that prison to me it will be forever—never more to come into the world, and it is hoped that those who have hunted me to my present position will leave the ashes of the man whom they have destroyed to remain undisturbed. My only fault has been that they knew I had money which they wished to have. As to myself I care not –death has no terrors for me—on a hundred occasions I have fearlessly faced it—but I think of others—of those connected with me. In conclusion, I have but one request to make. Your honor has already expressed an opinion on the trial—any remarks added in relation to me as a guilty man may have a counter effect from what intended—no man thinks me a fool. If there was in your honor all the concentrated wisdom of the world, I could not be more sensible from observations you might make than I already am of the offence imputed to me, even if I deserved them. My situation is extremely painful, and any addition would be unnecessary I would ask your honor to spare me further remark. That is all I have to say, sir.

Judge Kent—The court had intended to pass to sentence without remark. If it departs from that intention, it is in consequence of your remarks. I have no idea that any thing the court can say will be of any avail, but you deceive yourself if you think there is any person in the community who has paid attention to the proceedings, that has the least doubt of your being a guilty man.

Edwards—I have no objections to it.

Judge Kent---You are consigned to punishment for your offences. The laws of society expel you; they cannot exist in connection with crimes such as yours. Your case is remarkable for its turpitude, not only is the offence for which you have been tried very great, but you have endeavored to defeat the ends of justice by a bold attempt at suborning to perjury witnesses on this very trial. Your imprisonment will be for a long time. You may, however, survive it, and there is a faint hope that you may yet redeem your character, and be, what you never have been, a useful and a worthy member of society.

Edwards---(bowing.) Very complimentary, indeed sir.

Judge Kent(continuing)---I hope your case will not be without use to others, operating as a warning to deter from crime. You were born of respectable parentage, which you have disgraced.---You have exhibited yourself destitute entirely of moral principle, and the result now is that your name is stamped with infamy. Your remarks can make no difference in the sentence---you are consigned to ten years imprisonment. In this the court goes to the extreme of the law. Had the law allowed a larger amount it would have been imposed, for under the circumstances of the case there can be no mitigation.

Edwards---I do not ask it, sir.

Judge Kent---Munroe Edwards, the sentence of the court is, that on the first conviction you be imprisoned in the state prison at Sing Sing for 5 years; and on the second conviction to an additional imprisonment of 5 years, to commence on the expiration of the first.

The prisoner was then remanded. *N. Y. Sun.*

Electoral Votes.

By the new apportionment, the number of electors of President and Vice President chosen by all the States, will be 275, of which 138 are necessary to a choice. We give the following comparative table of the number of electoral votes to which each State is entitled, both by the old and new ratio:

		New Ratio.	*Old Ratio.*
1.	New York,	36	42
2.	Pennsylvania,	26	30
3.	Ohio.	23	21
4.	Virginia,	17	23
5.	Tennessee,	13	15
6.	Kentucky,	12	15
7.	Massachusetts,	12	14
8.	Indiana.	12	9
9.	North Carolina,	11	15
10.	Georgia,	10	11
11.	South Carolina,	9	11
12.	Alabama,	9	7
13.	Maine,	9	10
14.	Illinois,	9	5
15.	Maryland,	8	10
16.	New Jersey,	7	8
17.	Missouri,	7	4
18.	Connecticut,	6	8
19.	New Hampshire,	6	7
20.	Vermont,	6	7
21.	Louisiana,	6	5
22.	Mississippi,	6	4
23.	Michigan,	5	3
24.	Rhode Island,	4	4
25.	Delaware,	3	4
26.	Arkansas,	3	3
		275	294

The number of electors by the Constitution, it will be recollected, is equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives in Congress. Thus, by the new ratio, Senators 52, Representatives 223; total 275.

The old 13 States (including Maine, formerly belonging to Massachusetts) are entitled to 179 electoral votes; the new States 105.

MARRIED.

At the Hague, on the 14th September last, Harmanus Bleecker, of this city, Charge d'Affaires of the United States at that place to Miss Cornelena Mentz, daughter of Mr D. Mentz, of the Hague. The marriage ceremony was performed, according to the laws of Holland, at the City Hall, in the forenoon, and religious service (the *Inzegening*) was, in conformity with custom, had at Church in the afternoon.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Charles B. Lansing, esq. to Catharine Clinton, daughter of John Townsend, esq.

TO OUR MASONIC BRETHREN.

To any Brother or Companion who will aid us in the circulation of the present volume of the Register, we offer the following liberal inducements for his trouble. For FIFTEEN subscribers obtained, and the money forwarded, we will give an elegant R. A. or Master's Apron, engraved on copper, and printed on the best of satin, properly trimmed, together with a large and handsomely engraved R. Arch and Master's Diploma, suitable for framing, and the Register free for one year For TEN subscribers, the Apron and Register one year. For FIVE subscribers, the two Diplomas, or the Register, as may be desired. For 3 subscribers, an Arch or Master's Diploma —The articles will be packed up safely, and can be forwarded at but little cost, by Harnden's Express, to any house in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington, south. West, any prominent place between this and Buffalo—from thence, to all intermediate ports to Chicago. North, from Kingston to Toronto, U. C.

Back Nos. of the volume will always be supplied.

Post Masters are authorised to forward subscriptions free of stage.t. Albany, Sep

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, City and County of Albany, September 6th, 1842.—ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, which the following are copies.

AMOS ADAMS, Sheriff.

State of New York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 31st, 1841.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany:

Sir—Notice is hereby given that at the next general election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor and Lieutenant Governor of this State;

A Senator for the Third Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of Alonzo C. Paige, on the last day of December next;

Also, the following county officers, to wit: Three Members of Assembly.

Yours, respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Sec'ry of State.

State of New York, Secretary's Office, Albany, September 7, 1842.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany:

Sir—Notice is hereby given that at the next general election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, a Representative in the 28th Congress of the United States is to be elected for the Thirteenth Congressional District, consisting of the city and county of Albany.

Yours, respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Sec'ry of State

INFALLIBLE POISONS—No Cure no Pay—

1. Fly-killing Paper, it kills flies instantly, and sells 3 cts. and 50 cents.

2. Fly Poison, which fluid destroys flies and cockroaches.

3 Bedbug poison, which needs but a single application for a permanent clearance.

4. Ant Poison, drives the black, white and red ants from houses and gardens.

5. The Traveller's Comfort, keeps from your body when in bed or when sporting and fishing, all gnats, musquitoes, &c.

6. Moth Poison, for guarding furs, woolens, carpets & flannels.

7 Flea Poison, on men and dogs, cats, cattle & chickens.

8. Poison for flies on horses, and to prevent their attack for the whole season.

9. The Compound Chemical Whale Oil Soap for the safe destruction of caterpillars, rosebugs, hessian fly, slugs, and other insects, in trees and vegetables.

All the above poisons are warranted, and earnestly recommended, by DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, No. 1 Wall street, N. Y.

Manufacturer of Copaivi Capsules, of the best quality, and with Spanish and French directions; Lunar Caustic, Chloride of Soda, Spirits of Nitre, Ammonia, Ether, Daguerreotype Chemicals, Diamado Cement, deals in Leeches, Pimina, Dentists' Gold and Mineral Teeth, genuine Harlem Oil, Glass Syringes, &c.

BOOK BINDING—HARVEY H. CORNING, (late firm of Corning & Cook) would take this opportunity to return his sincere thanks to the friends of the late firm and the public generally for their patronage, and would solicit a continuance of the same.

Book-Binding in all its various branches, neatly and expeditiously executed; Law and Music Books, Periodicals and Miscellaneous works bound in all the variety of styles, and on the most reasonable terms.

N. B. Library Books neatly bound. seply

EMPLOYMENT WANTED.—A widow, with three small children, in destitute circumstances, is desirous to obtain employment. She is a dress and corset maker and can do any kind of plain sewing. Her residence is the first door north of the Green st. Baptist Church. Any favors bestowed upon her will be gratefully received.

POETRY.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

DRYBURG ABBEY, 1839.

BY MISS ISABELLA A. SMITH, OF GLASGOW.

"Call it not vain, they do not err
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies."

No gloomy vault encloses thee
In thy unvisioned sleep;
Free should the heaven's wild breezes be
Round one whose soul was once as free;
And gentlest dews should weep
And fall, as soft as angel's tread,
Above the minstrel's honored head.

No princely monuments are here
To mark the sacred spot;
But nobler far, through time's career,
Scotland shall tell and earth shall hear
The glory of thy lot,
Who in thy country's heart has made
A monument that cannot fade.

All darkly lowers this dismal eve
Her skies are cold and gray,
And fancy's ear may well perceive,
Bereaved nature sadly grieve
That thou art passed away;
For well and truly thou hast said,
She mourned for the faithful dead.

Around thy grave the night winds sweep,
While echo moans reply,
And haunted Tweed, so darkly deep,
And Yarrow, where the birches weep,
Sends back a murmured sigh;
While every ivy leaf appears
Glistening with heaven's abundant tears.

Thy soul on high has winged her flight,
And burst each mortal link;
But yet, when summer skies are bright,
And Tweed is gemmed with starry light,
I cannot choose—but think
She loves to wander forth at will,
By shadowy stream and moonlit hill.

The flood of time unchecked and rude,
Sleeps on its reckless way;
But thou, the glorious and the good,
Shrined in a nation's gratitude,
Must there exist for aye;
And fame's undying laurels bloom
Forever round thy honored tomb.

Change.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Change is written on the tide,
On the forest's leafy pride,
On the streamlet glancing bright,
On the jewelled crown of night—
All whereon the eye can rest,
Shows it legibly imprest.

All things earthly, like a dream,
Pass, and are not what they seem;
O'er their features, while we gaze,
Swiftly sweeps some varying phase.
Lo! the storm hath passed away—
Mark the rainbow's vivid ray!
Where? 'Tis past. We look again—
Sunshine brightens all the plain—
Let thy spirit bathe in light—
Look again, thou look'st on night.

Lo! within its mother's arms,
Smiles the babe in infant charms;
Look again—on that fair brow,
Care hath ploughed its furrows now;
Worldless now those lips no more:
Hark! what eloquence they pour—
Eloquence that charms and burns,
Startles, soothes and wins by turns.

Such is life—all fair to day,
Dark, to morrow, dull and grey—
Changing ever, like the moon,
Or the fleecy clouds of June,
Now in brightness, now in gloom—
Now the cradle—now the tomb.

But beyond this shifting sky.
Look with faith-illumed eyes:
There upon that glorious shore,
Change and death are known no more;
There their dark dominion shall cease,
There is permanence and peace.

From the Northern Light,

THE FALING STAR.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

What art thou, brilliant star?
From whence, to where, wingest thou thy silent flight?
Why shoot'st thou o'er the bosom of the night?
Why gleams thy ray afar?

Art thou a spirit, sent
From heaven's empyrean to the slumbering earth,
Like that which lingered at a Savior's birth,
High in the firmament?

Art thou ruby bright,
Dropt from the ringlets of an angel's hair,
And falling through earth's crystal air,
With thy celestial light?

Art thou an arrow, hurled
By the dread monarch of the yawning grave,
In mercy sent, to free the writhing slave,
The stricken of the world?

Or is thy errand, now,
To still the throbbings of a monarch's heart—
To blight the joy of youth—the loved to part—
Or chill the laurel'd brow?

Perchance thou art a ray
From off the altar of the living God—
A burning radiance to our lowly sod,
To light the perfect way!

Perchance, thou fleeting one,
Thine is the gleaming of that holy fire,
Which bids the spirit to its home aspire,
Its earthly sojourn done.

* * * * * * *

Whate'er thou art, thy ray,
Like Hope's fair star, o'er life's dark pathway streams,
Like that, alas! but for a moment gleams,
And ever dies away!

Bright star! the dreamy spell
That bound my soul, as thou did'st swiftly pass,
Like a sweet dream o'er Fancy's fairy glass,
Is broken now—farewell!

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	3d Wednesday
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Washington Lodge	Albany	2nd and 4th Thursday
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday
Phoenix Lodge.	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge. No 101,	Wheeling Va	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter. 19.	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev e month
Utica Lodge. 47,	Utica,	last Thursday
Oneida Chapter. 57.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment,	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Washington Chapter,	Memphis Tenn	4th Monday
Memphis Lodge.	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah Geo	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday
Shelbyville Chapter	Shelbyville, Ky	1st Monday
Solomon's Lodge	do	2d Monday.
Lafayette Chapter No 11	La Grange	3d Monda
Lagrange Lodge No 81	do	2nd Monday
Hudson Lodge	Hudson	1st Monday
Hudson Chapter	do	2nd Tuesday
Hudson Encampment	do	1st Friday

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents, fo the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN,

No. 2 Green-street, two doors South of State,

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